THE WOODPECKER.

There's someone tapping on the maple tree,
Tap, tippy, tap, tap, tap;
But there's no one about that I can see,
Save a lark that is singing a song of glee
On a sunlit bough, and it isn't he
That is tapping away so steadily,
Tap, tippy, tap, tap, tap.

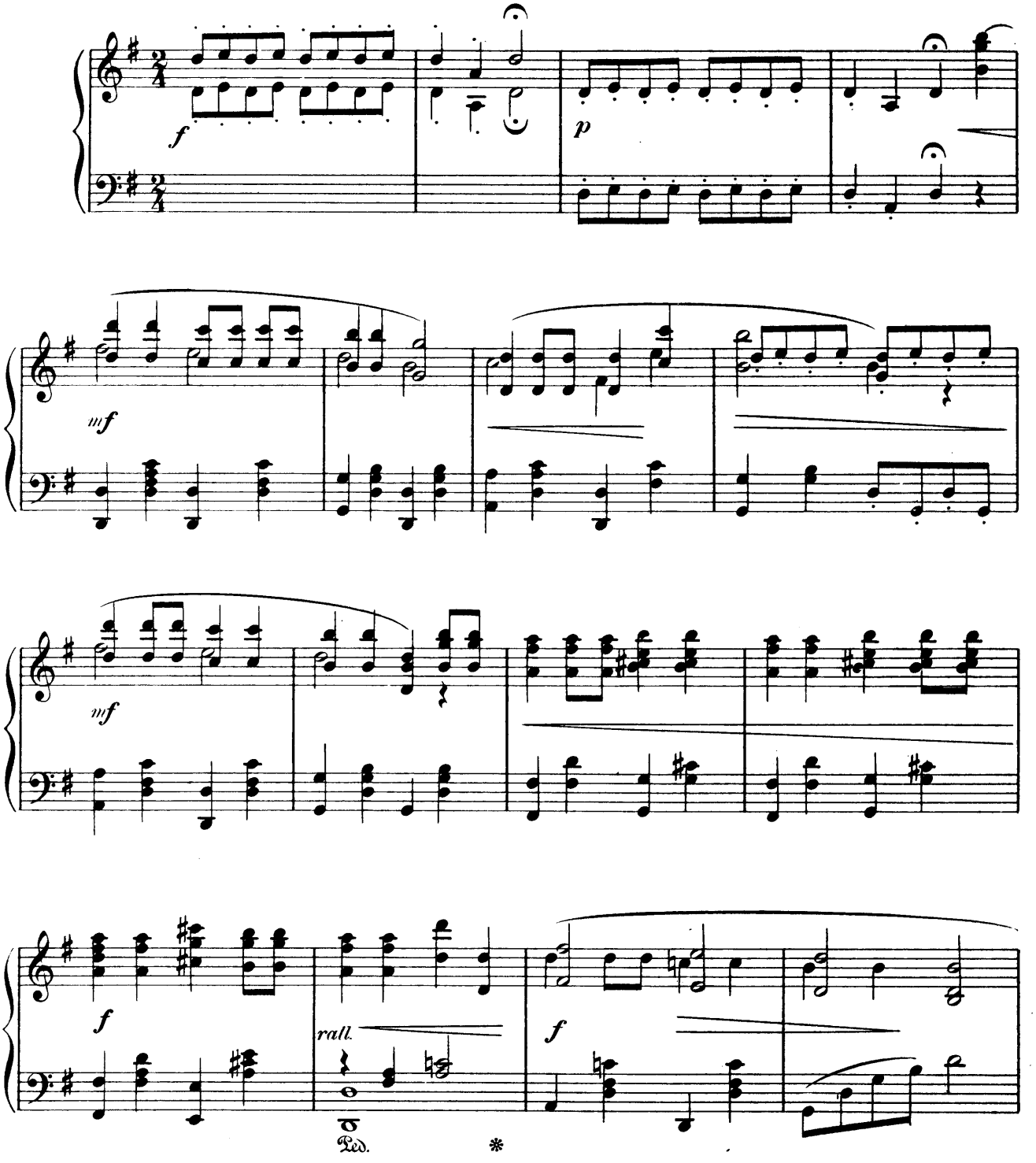
There's someone coming down the maple tree,
Tap, tippy, tap, tap, tap;
And he's hopping about so busily
In a cap quite as red as a barberry,
And a coat deeply blue as a starlit sea,
And he's singing a laughing melody,
Tap, tippy, tap, tap, tap.

There's someone going to the maple tree,
Tap, tippy, tap, tap;
He's as gay as a prince or a lord, but he
Hasn't time to go 'round showing off, you see,
For he stays in the woods working lovingly
At a snug little home for his family,
Tap, tippy, tap, tap, tap.

—*Frederick Manley*

The Woodpecker.

ETHELBERT NEVIN.



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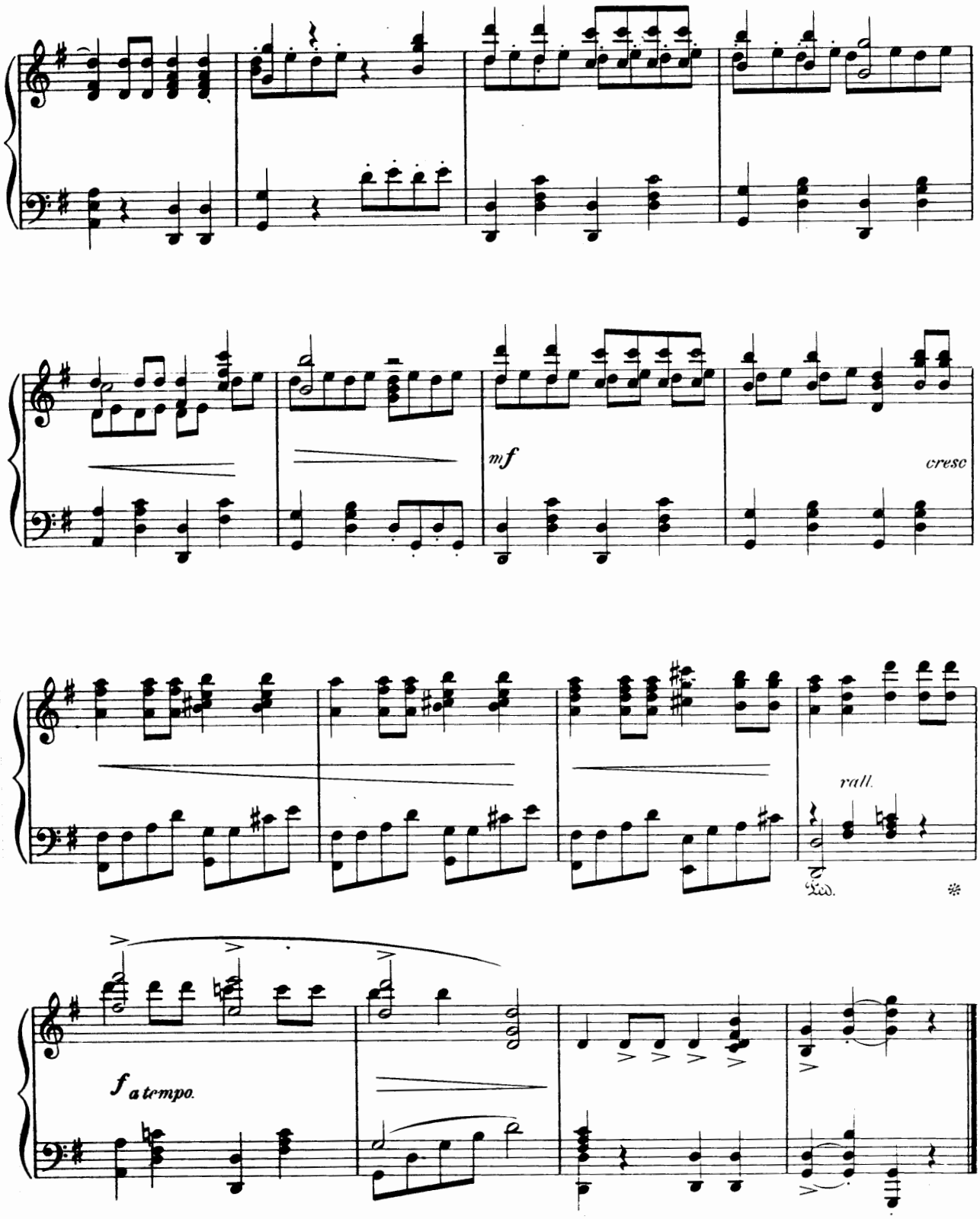
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